

# WOMENS WAYS THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

## The Man Who Drinks.

By Arthur McEwen.

AT a man who wants to drink is seldom unready to seize upon an enormous justification for doing so is a proposition that may be accepted as axiomatic by every wife who has that kind of a man for a husband. To get drunk is to commit temporary suicide, and there is nothing more efficacious for inspiring the married man with a desire for extinction than nagging by the lady who owns him.

Nagging is the feminine equivalent of masculine assault and battery. The reason why men do not oftener beat one another is because they are afraid to try. They know that blow will be returned for blow. Women are free from this salutary fear—that is, the fortunate women who have married civilized men. Therefore they nag.

Nagging is the luxury of a bad temper and security in combination. It is a species of torture against which a man finds himself defenceless, though it drives him mad. The woman who nags is the variety of the sex on whom paracasm is lost, with whom argument is futile, and who is impelled to further outrage by the sight of one stronger than herself writhing. That gives the dull and angry female an agreeable sense of power. A mean joy burns in her breast when she achieves the nagger's triumph of seeing the baited victim of her malevolent tongue grab up his hat and rush from the house.

Rush to what? He rushes out to fight against or succumb to a fit of philosophical insanity.

It is a dangerous thing for a wife who has been so long married as to enable her to acquire the nagging habit to induce this form of mania. Its principal characteristic is an abnormal activity of the reflective function of the brain, and the wife whose hold on her husband is other than that of love should never, for her own interests, rouse her partner to reflection.

As the nagged exile from his home tears along the street, he is sure to ask himself if he wasn't a fool for getting married. In laboring with this problem it suggests itself to him that the man who forms a firm matrimonial usually puts a good deal more capital than the woman does. In the first place, he sacrifices the freedom of bachelorhood, which is a far larger and livelier freedom than that of spinsterhood. Then he engages to provide for her, whereas she merely consents to be provided for. As she grows old—in cases where nagging supervenes and love proportionately diminishes—she begins to appear in the light of an investment of continuously decreasing value. In his anything but fond rage he pictures her dawdling about shopping of an afternoon while he is off on the hunt for bear meat wherewith to supply the wigwam, and her sealskins, her diamonds, her tailor-made gown, her French boots, her gloves—all these present themselves to his distorted mind as interest which he is obliged to pay on a placing of his affections long ago—a placing that he is nagged into being feverishly sorry for now. "Where do I come in?" he demands of his unfit brain. "What do I get in return for all my work, all my drudgery, all my surrendered liberty? I've been buncoed! I've been an ass and buncoed myself!"

Then his tangled web rings dissonantly about the whole social structure. As one is always acutely conscious of the disadvantages of the path he has chosen at the forking of the roads, and thinks only of the advantages of the road he didn't take, the nagged wretch listens to all that insanity can suggest on behalf of celibacy, of polygamy, and even of polyandry. Easier divorce strikes him as the most crying need of the times, and slow divorce is fascinating to think on, though the children obtrude and the chain of habit pulls on his ordinarily calloused leg. Yet how long can he stand this hell upon earth—this stupid, cruel and insupportable torment just because she knows she can do it, and because she's sure he will always sneak back home again and grin and bear it till death brings him blessed release? But will he sneak home? Not this time, by Jove!

Ladies, nagging ladies, can even you between your tantrums wonder that this madman, this immoral, this wicked madman, should snap his fingers and say "Oh, hang it!" or something worse, and seek that rest which Satan always keeps bottled within easy reach of his afflicted sons?

He knows, of course, that he oughtn't to drink; that it is bad for him mentally, physically, morally and socially, and damaging to his business. But then, so is nagging. Besides he is human as well as you, madam, and has that same overmastering desire to get even for injuries that drives you upon your spree of nagging.

So the nagging wife should sanely reflect—while the now insanely unreflecting husband is cruising joyously over the briefly gorgeous sea of alcoholic relief and reprisal—that if her form of self-indulgence is no just warrant for his, and that if the man—first him!—would possibly besot himself and rob his family anyway, she at least could escape responsibility by holding her infernal tongue. Women, even the most trying of them, being as is universally acknowledged, better than men, none of the superior sex deserve to be cursed with drunken husbands, but when a nagger gets one to her share, other people feel that, with the help of God, they can manage to bear up under the sight of her affliction.

ARTHUR M'EWEN.

## DECOLLETE GOWNS AND THIN WOMEN.

DECOLLETE gowns for thin young women. Must they be worn? A few nights ago one of New York's well known vocal teachers invited her patrons to attend a pupils' song recital at Chickering Hall. There were thirteen numbers on the programme, and eleven solos by eleven young women. Each of these girls wore low neck and short sleeve dresses, and with the exception of a few well developed figures the thinness of the young things was painful to behold. I refer to this occasion not as an unusual spectacle of "skin and bones." It was simply an additional illustration of the American girl's idea that an evening dress must be cut to meet the requirements of the fashion, irrespective of its suitability to the wearer.

Now, there is nothing more beautiful than handsome shoulders and round, firm arms, and the woman possessing them has every excuse for the wearing of a decollete gown. Indeed, there is no texture of silk or lace so becoming to the fair, plump woman as her own flesh, and to demand the covering of it from ears to wrists for the reasons upheld by prudes and preachers is as absurd as would be the burying of gold because of its glitter.

The question is not one of propriety, but of collar bones.

If a girl is plump, by all means let her bodice be cut in the prevailing mode for evening wear, but when a young woman is forced to resort to subterfuge and attempts to hide the osseous outlines of her throat by a revival of the "steep" so much affected by Josephine Bonaparte and the ladies of the Empire, we consider modesty a becoming virtue, and to be resorted to for vanity's if not decency's sake.

But it is a difficult thing for a woman to see herself as others see her, and she is often obstinate in acknowledging that there are some things one had much better keep to one's self. Still, she is called a deceptive quantity—even a hypocrite—in placing the best foot foremost. And it is true that there are girls who are adepts in hiding from society their unlovely traits of character. They do not advertise bad tempers or selfishness, or extravagance, in openly confessing to these faults, and are rarely given to self-depreciation in any form.

Now, if a girl is so careful to put herself in a favorable light where the question is one of moral beauty, why should she so disregard the keeping up of appearances in the case of physical imperfections? To keep secret one's foibles and then acquaint society with the sharpness of one's elbows is inconsistent.

E. O.

## PARIS STYLES FOR WOMEN WHO TRAVEL.

PARIS, May 15.—What busy, crowded places the bus depots now are! Trains that come in are full of tourists, and those going out carry a number of the society women here who are London bound for the season.

The numerous trunks and handboxes suggest the rounds of gayeties that the owners look forward to. All of these women travel with their shoe-looking French maids, who are accustomed to travel, and they fly around buying tickets and checking trunks and looking after baggage in a way that is delightfully business like.

Occasionally one sees an ultra swell young matron, attended by her courier, her courier maid and her maid bringing up the rear with a crouching, little, trembling lap dog in her arms. This thoroughbred doggie receives no end of attention. It is attired in a smart little travelling coat, with a tiny pocket handkerchief stuck in the jauntiest way in the pocket of the coat. Its padded basket that is built in the form of the regulation dog house is always conspicuous among the bundles.

The fashion of wearing a rather paa gown for travelling is certainly not in vogue here. Neither are the long, light, dust coats.

One sees the smartest sort of tailor gowns, that are not always built of sombre browns nor navy blues, but more often of soft cadet blue or a dull shade of resede green or elephant gray, that the courtiers design especially for travelling.

It surely pays to give a bit of care to one's travelling costume, for an eminently respectable appearance while travelling insures no end of little courtesies from the railroad officials and fellow passengers. And, as one bright little woman frankly admitted, a knowledge of being well dressed gave her a wondrous amount of courage, and she found she could ask questions in very bad French to the officials without feeling the least bit disconcerted, just because she felt she was well dressed and would be recognized as a lady anywhere.

Pretty Miss Bayard, the daughter of the ex-ambassador to England, was pointed out to me at one of the depots the other day. She and her father were here on a little trip. Miss Bayard wore such a chic gown of elephant gray cloth! The skirt was a double skirt, the upper one forming a rounded point at the front. The corsage was a sort of blouse, with short, full basques. At the front where it fastened it was cut in points and braided with five rows of narrow, black braid. It opened over a chemise of bright red linen that had a tall, white linen collar and black moire tie. The sleeves, which were the usual tailor gown sleeves, were mounted by epaulettes of the braided cloth.

With this gown Miss Bayard wore a bright red straw hat that was small. It was trimmed with so many tiny blackbird wings that the straw was hardly visible.

Every smart woman I see travelling wears one of the handy little leather bags either on a narrow leather belt or pinned securely at her side. In this she slips her purse and handkerchief and minute powder box, for even travelling dresses cannot boast a pocket for fear of spoiling the hang of the skirt.

The travelling satchels of to-day are large and weighty with their silver outfits and entirely too cumbersome for a woman to carry around in her hand. It is this state of things that has created the necessity for the little satchel carried at one's waist. The latest thing is to have these little satchels fitted out with tiny articles of toilette in silver. One in olive green leather has a minute smelling sauce bottle, a tiny glove buttoner and nail file, a small, flat silver powder box and a little celluloid memorandum mounted in silver. These are all held with narrow leather straps to one side of the little bag, and take up little or no space.

The dress suit case is no longer the especial property of the "sterner set." It is exactly the thing that a young woman needs when she expects to spend a

few days in the country with friends. There is just room in one half for an evening waist, and the other half holds comfortably a change of linen and one's toilette articles.

The leather merchants are bringing out their dress suit cases especially fitted out for women with the toilette articles either in silver or ivory.

With the young women who are making a tour of the Continent this summer the dress suit cases are very much in evidence.

Mrs. Sybil Sanderson, who is making such a tremendous success in her concert tours through Europe, has her latest travelling gown made of resede green cloth. It is smart enough to be called dressy, and yet it is in exquisite taste. The skirt is a godet, close-fitting over the hips, with all the fulness thrown to the back. Two bias folds of the cloth two inches wide trim the skirt at the top.

The corsage is a blouse of the green cloth, fastening over to the left side. It is trimmed with five folds of the cloth that encircle the corsage. There is a double jabot of the green cloth at the left side where the bodice fastens. The collar is a high, straight collar of the cloth mounted by a frill of black gauze. The girdle is of black satin.

The hat that goes with this gown is a small hat of rough black straw, trimmed with magnopette and dull green taffeta ribbon.

None of the travelling hats I have seen are particularly sombre. They are always small, but bright red, leaf green and dahlia are all popular colors in these travelling hats. NAN.



Miss Bayard, Daughter of Ex-Minister Thomas F. Bayard, in Her Travelling Suit of Elephant Gray Cloth.

strong fragrance has a very bad effect. Magnolia blossoms, too, have a delightful perfume in their native grove, but woe to her who sleeps through the night with a single blossom on her pillow. There are many fragrant flowers, such as carnation, clove pink, sweetbriar and apple blossom, that are as beneficial as they are sweet scented.

A vivid perfume is nearly always bracing, while a subtle one is generally enervating. One may become positively intoxicated through inhaling the odor of the peach, almond, wild cherry and other blossoms of the same class, because they all contain a suggestion of prussic acid.

A black straw hat may be renovated by the application of shoe polish. A woman who is an adept with her fine paint brush recently freshened the last Summer hats of her little daughters by means of some paints, such as she had been using for dainty decorative work. A dull gold worked up beautifully, also the burnt siennas. White Leghorn hats may be effectively cleansed by rubbing with corn meal and brushing off carefully afterward.

## Girls Who Play Baseball.

THE girls of Olivet College, Olivet, Mich., have formed a couple of baseball clubs, and expect to have some lively times on the diamond this Summer. One club represents Shipherd Hall and the other the Sinclair and Roche boarding clubs.

Miss Caroline Oliver, the captain of the Sinclair-Roche nine, is an accomplished athlete. She fences well and is fond of cycling and horseback riding.

The captain of the Shipherd girls is Miss Bessie Sloan, a Port Huron girl. Of slender, graceful build and very agile, she holds down her position as shortstop with remarkable cleverness. She is captain of the team every minute, and allows no soldiering.

The Sinclair-Roche battery, composed of Misses Oliff and Hoppaugh, is thoroughly up to date. Miss Oliff takes her partner's curves off the bat with the precision of a veteran. Miss Tracey, of the Shipherds, is noted for her strength and activity, and is a safe thrower to second always. Miss Ackley throws a swift, straight ball, and can find the plate at pleasure.

All the young ladies are among the most popular in the college, most of them members of the Sorority Society, and all holding high records in class standing.

WHAT do you feed your servants, madam? Do you give them Spring lamb, green peas and strawberries, or do you consider mutton stew good enough for them? I asked the manager of a large uptown intelligence office, where the patronage comes chiefly from the wealthier classes, if she ever heard complaints on this score. She looked at me for a moment and then said earnestly: "You would be amazed if you could hear some of the stories which come to me every day. Over and over do girls come in here and tell me they cannot endure their places longer from the fact that they are so wretchedly fed. It is really a marvellous thing that wealthy people who will perhaps give their servants quite comfortable quarters to sleep in will economize on their food."

"Is it customary for wealthy people to provide a different bill of fare for their servants from that of their own?"

"It is done in nine houses out of ten," was the answer. "Do you fancy that servants are to be fed on choice joints, game, terrapin and strawberries? Certainly not. Round steaks, mutton hash and stewed prunes are quite good enough for them."

"What is the method of feeding the servants in the big, fine houses of New York?"

"It is something like that employed on board ship. There is a regular servants' mess. The cheaper meats and vegetables are served, and very often the food is prepared by a kitchenmaid or laundress instead of by the cook, who is above cooking for the servants. 'I'd see myself cook for them slaveys!' I've often heard a really swell cook remark."

"How about the people who are not so wealthy? Do they, too, economize on their servants' fare?"

"No, as a rule their servants get what they do. The middle classes live plainer, and the servant usually gets what's left."

There are two extreme sides to this question. Here is one stated by the servant: "Yes, ma'am, I have many and many a time gone hungry in very fine houses. I remember in one magnificently furnished house in the country, where five servants were employed, we had three eggs given us for an omelette for breakfast. Three eggs for five servants! Sunday nights we had tea, bread and butter and stewed prunes or apple sauce. Sunday dinners we never got a slice off the roast or a bit of fowl—no, indeed! We had boiled mutton or veal or stewed beef—something of that sort, and very little of it. As for strawberries—well, we never had them, unless we bought them ourselves."

The other extreme side is presented by a woman of moderate means, who always gives her servants what she has herself. "I could not possibly bring



myself to say in substance to a servant, 'You are not to eat as good and nourishing food as I. I will dole out to you cheaper and less sustaining food than comes on my table.' Accordingly, my maids get exactly what I have. As a rule, they appreciate the situation and do not impose upon me. But I must confess that it is a little difficult when I find that all the dainties left from one day, and which with proper care and economy might have served for another day, have been ruthlessly gobbled up by greedy servants. I had one maid who, it seems to me, ate nothing but cake. I made the cake, by the way, as she did not understand the art. I would make a thick layer cake which by proper use should serve my little family for three luncheons. It would not last two, for the young woman in the kitchen helped herself bountifully between meals. And you must admit that it is a little hard when strawberries are 50 cents a basket to see your maid calmly help herself to a huge saucer brimming over with thick cream. Often, when I have had Spring lamb and green peas, and have fancied in my fantasy that enough was left for a second dinner, I have reckoned without my help. Still, although I have had these experiences, I could never bring myself to restrict my servants in the matter of their food."

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

## A Handkerchief of 30,000 Pieces.

A MAGNIFICENT lace handkerchief has recently been received by Mrs. McKinley from Mrs. B. F. Thorne, of La Cygne, Kan., who wished to show her respect and love for "the first lady of the land." The work is all done by hand, and contains 30,000 pieces, all done with the needle. A similar one was made for the Duchess of York by the Irish lacemakers, and was valued at \$500. It is not the value, however, that causes Mrs. McKinley to speak of her gift to her numerous friends, but of the work done in her behalf and the thoughtfulness of the woman who did it. Mrs. Thorne only does lace work at odd moments, to "rest" her, when her household duties are accomplished.

She is her own designer, and says that originality is a part of her make-up and that she cannot do things quite like other ladies.

The stitches and designs of flowers and figures are made just as the fancy of the worker dictates. Mrs. Thorne thinks it better to interlace originality. The thread used is very fine, and it is difficult to use it, and it seems an odd task to make a yard of lace or a handkerchief, which would undoubtedly take a month if each hour was counted.